

The Old Outhouse

By Fred Hardy

In the days of my youth, or in the part of the country that I was born and raised, every family had one. It went by various names such as toilet, B.N., Outhouse, Sh-- House, and so on. It was used by every member of our family.

It was the most dreaded possession that anyone had, but also supplied the most relief for all. It was dreaded in the summertime because of the odor. One couldn't hold his breath as long as the visit, so there was plenty of time to enjoy the perfume.

In the winter time, it was dreaded because of the cold. They were never heated. Can you just imagine sitting your bare bottom on a seat that was 40 degrees below zero? I'll tell you many a visit was cut short in the wintertime. One just hasn't lived until he has waded through about twelve inches of snow for fifty yards in slippers, or socks, to brush the snow off the seat and then sit down. Brother, take it from me, that ain't livin'.

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